

Æ S O P

A T

B A T H E,

O R,

A few Select FABLES

I N

V E R S E.

By a Person of Quality.

The Secoud Edition corrected.

L O N D O N,

Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwicklane,

MDCXCVIII.



ESTOP

AT

BEFORE
THE

A

IN

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OF

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THE

TO THE
READER.

AND why not Bathe as good
as Tunbridg? and Epsom as
either of both? I know the
Virtues of none of our Mineral Waters,
yet find that none of 'em all are suf-
ficient to purge the Heads of the Ja-
cobites: Perhaps you'l say, that's no
fault of the Water, but of the Head,
having no Brains to work upon. If
this be the case, I can't help it; could
I furnish Brains, I should e're now
have made a better provision for my
self.

TO the READER.

self. And for the Jacobites want of Brains, that's an advantage to the Commonwealth, considering the ill use they would put 'em to; furnish'd with that Commodity, they would become as mischievous as a Monkey in a Glass-shop, or a Madman with a Sword in his hand. Were their wit answerable to their malice, what an abominable spot of VVork would they make? we should have a fine Kettle of Fish on't I'll warrant you. 'Tis a wonderful comfort, good Reader, that curst Cows have short Horns, otherwise the Government would be most damnably gor'd. But really a Jacobite is a most inoffensive Creature, as harmless as a little Devil of two years old, he'll do you no more hurt

TO the READER.

hurt than he can; and if he does you any good, he'll be extreamly sorry for it. He's very well read in the noble Histories, Parismus, Raynard the Fox, and Tom Thumb; and this qualification introduces him into the worshipful Club at Epsom or Tunbridg, where they make Plots, and such pretty Plots too as were never known, hanging being the end of some, and nothing the end of others; but their last Plot was the finest thing, a very high Kick, Mr. Reader, a Fable Plot, where Birds and Beasts speak as much sense as any Jacobite of 'em all; and the end of this Plot was Morals. The Jacobites never yet had any Morals in the beginning, middle, nor end of their Lives; and this hap'ning now

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is

TO the READER.

is very extraordinary. I am afraid they are going to wind up their Bottom, and are in the same condition the Devil was in when he turn'd Monk. So much for their Fables; now, Reader, go on, and thou'lt find that I write Fables too, only with this difference, mine are for the Government, theirs against it; theirs writ by a Club, mine by my self: they have had ever since Perkins and Friend were hang'd to write theirs, I only one day. Now whether thou likest my Fables or no I can't tell, nor do I care; Fables I will write for all thee or any body else, and so farewell.

ÆSOP

(1)

Æ S O P

A T B A T H E.

F A B. I.

Fair Warning.

A Certain Poet in Lampoon
Abus'd the Fop, the Beau, Buffoon,
All sorts of great and little Knaves;
Would make Kings Beasts, and People Slaves.
The Court condemn'd his Lines to Fire,
And with the Offspring would the Sire.

B

The

The Poet is in Limbo taken,

And hard it is to save his Bacon.

The Judg doth rail, the Courtiers bawl,

And quite alive is grown *Whitehall*.

The Poet to appease the Storm,

Said he, my Lords, I meant no harm ;

Here's no man nam'd, no scandal mag'd,

And all the rest's not worth a Rag.

Up stood a Lord, look'd mighty big,

With Sense scarce half so long as Wig :

And by your leave, good Master Poet,

For this wise Board's resolv'd to know it,

Who 'tis you mean by Fools and Knaves,

And beastly Kings, and abject Slaves.

My Lord, he said, none in his Wits,

But thinks, I mean each Knave it hits.

F A B. II.

The Fox and the Poultry.

AN aged *Fox* that ravag'd Woods and Plains,
Dread Fo to *Cocks* and *Hens*, and Country
Swains;

The most Tyrannick *Reynard* e're was known,
Since Beasts bore rule, and hector'd on a Throne.
He neither young nor old, when hungry, spar'd;
Alike the Lambkins and the Henroost far'd.

But Age retards at last his hasty flight,
He plunders not so much by day, nor ravages by
night;

Grown weak and feeble, Wit must now supply
His want of Strength——

No kind good-natur'd *Fox* will bring him Food,
He still must share the Fortune of the Wood.

One day as hungry *Reynard* sat alone,
 His empty Guts and Fortune did bemoan ;
 Said he, I'll try what aged Craft can do,
 New Methods find, a new Device pursue :
 Hard by a Tarbox lay, some careless Swain
 Had left when he kept Sheep upon the Plain.
 Projecting *Reynard* with a diligent care
 Bedaub's his Belly, Sides and Back with Tar :
 Then to a Ditch he goes, where t'other day
 He did a *Hen* and all her *Chickens* slay ;
 Their Feathers still lay scatter'd on the Ground,
 In which the *Fox* did wallow, tumble round.
 The Feathers sticking still as he did rowl,
 Made him resemble much a larger Fowl.
 And thus transform'd into a new disguise,
 Unto a neighbouring *Henroost* strait he hies :
 And just beneath the *Roost* his station took,
 And looking on the *Perch*, the *Poultry* thus be-
 spoke. Kind

Kind gentle *Cocks* and *Hens* I am

No more your Fo:

What once I did, is now my shame,

And for the future I the same

No more will do.

I come not as an Enemy

Your Lives to take,

But would with you in Friendship be,

As you may judg, if you but see

The Clothes upon my Back.

Come down then Friends, a lasting Truce

'Twixt you and I;

I'll neither *Cocks* nor *Hens* abuse;

Let us shake hands as Lovers use,

Be Friends until we die.

No

No, quoth the *Cock*, you will as much devour
 As e're you did, if 'twere but in your power :
 Your vain pretence of Kindness we abhor,
 And from our *Perch* we will not downward stir :
 You've chang'd your Coat, but have not chang'd
 your Name ;
 If that were alter'd too, your Nature is the same.

In vain do those, who heretofore

Our Liberties betray'd

Unto a wild despotick Pow'r,

And level all our Fences laid :

In vain they talk of Property,

Or think to be believ'd ;

Their Actions give their Tongue the lie :

Who can be thus deceiv'd ?

Their vain pretence of publick Good

Is for sinister Ends ;

And who the Dee'l, when understood,

Wou'd be such Villains friends ?

They'd feed the Flock, only to steal the Fleece ;

When the Fox preaches, then beware th' Geese.

FAB.

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FAB.

F A B. III.

The Poor Man and the Devil.

A Lab'ring Swain had been at work,
And all his Limbs had tir'd,
By using shovel, and the Fork,
To rest at Night retir'd.

So sweet's the sleep of Country Swains,
Such undisturb'd Repose
Accompanies their daily pains,
That Peace about them flows.

No dismal Visions do affright,
No Dreams do 'ere approach;
Within the Curtains of the Night
They sleep as sound as any Roach.

But

But now the *Swain*, in dead of night,

An airy Phantom saw ;

A cloven-footed hideous Spright

Him out of Bed did draw :

And led him to an Orchard fair,

Where pointing to a Tree,

Beneath that Stock, he said, is there

A Fund of Gold for thee.

But how, reply'd the sleeping *Swain*,

Shall I this Treasure find,

Or knowv that self-same Tree again,

No mark being left behind?

Then quoth the *Dee'l*, sh'it near the place,

And thus, upon my vvord,

To morrovv vvhen thou viewv'st the-Grass,

Thou't knowv it by the T—.

(10)

Thus did the *Swain* ; but when he 'woke,
And rais'd his drouzy Head,
He found not as the *Devil* spoke,
But found a T—— in Bed.

Thus sleeping Jacks do dream and snore,
And please their foolish mind,
In thinking what they were before,
And what henceforth they'l find.

But if they would right measures take,
And govern'd be by Wit ;
When once their Reason do's awake,
They'l find their Cause besit.

F A B.

F A B. IV.

The Fox and Grapes.

1. **A** Fox espy'd a bunch of *Grapes*,
Most beauteous in their Nature ;
He grinn'd like any Jackanapes,
And all his Teeth did water.
2. He striv'd to reach 'em, but in vain ;
He leapt, and sprang as high
As any Beast of *Reynard's* strain,
But could not reach them nigh.
3. He said, 'tis true, they do look fair,
Yet sour are, I know ;
So let 'em hang ev'n as they are,
I'll march, and let 'em grow.

Thus Rebels do by Governments

They cannot undermine ;

They let the King, the God alone,

Tho not adore his Shrine.

Tis well their hands are made so short,

That they can reach no higher,

Else we shou'd all be burned for't,

They'd set the World on fire.

F A B.

F A B. V.

The Fool's Concern.

TWO *Fools* were born, and might live free,
And struggled much for Slavery :

One prais'd a Goal 'bove an Estate,
And swore, no Window's like a Grate.
One lik'd the Fashions Frenchmen use,
But above all of Wooden Shoos ;
Envy'd the Musick of his Betters,
Th' harmonious noise of jingling Fetters.

Whilst they at one another grumbl'd,

One on a pair of Fetters stumbl'd ;
Near which another pair did shine,
Tho not so big, nor half so fine.

The *Fools* begin a new Contest,

Not which of them shou'd have the least,

But

But which the biggest Chain shou'd wear.

A Country fellow being near,
Said he, the thing is quickly done,
Join both the Fetters into one,
And let each Man put in a Foot,
The Devil tak't if this don't do't.

*If England still is in extremes,
And will not yet be sav'd,
Call in the French, and late King James,
And you're compleat enslav'd.*

F A B. VI.

The *Farmer* and the *Badger*.

A *Badger* once did ravage all the Fields
Belonging to a Farm ;
Dug up the Earth, and spoil'd all that it yields,
And did a wond'rous harm.

The *Farmer* halloo'd on his Dog,
Thinking thereby to quell her ;
But being bred to hunt the Hog,
He knew not how to kill her.

The *Farmer* sends for a young Squire
To come with all his Hounds ;
His and their Aid he dos require,
To beat her from her Mounds.

The

The Squire came, vvith all his Hounds

The *Badger* did pursue.

He ravag'd all the *Farmer's* Grounds,

And kill'd the *Badger* too.

Some little mischief true he did,

In beating dovvn the Corn,

And breaking Hedges as he rid :

So small a Loss vvas born.

But, says the *Farmer*, novv my Sheep

May more securely graze ;

My Poultry may the Henroost keep,

I'm better than I vvas.

If our deliverance from our Foes,

And Popish Tyrannie,

Ben't worth the Mony has been rose,

'Tis pity we are free,

'Tis certain wisely we have done,
 To keep the Nation safe,
 In giving part as we have done,
 To save the better half.

F A B. VH.

The Cure of Malecontents.

A Son unto his Father wrote,
 That he would him advise

How men might be to reason brought,
 That never were born wise :

How a tumultuous brood of Fools,
 That never are content,
 Might once be polish'd into Tools,
 And fit for Government :

D

How

How those who for a many years
Have long'd for Slavery,
At once might lose their Asses Ears,
And covet to be free.

The Father mildly told the Son,
In the Attempt he'd falter :
No Cure upon them could be done,
But by a hempen Halter.

F A B. VIII.

The Ravens and Crows.

A Lusty Horse, not long ago,
Would snuffle, snort and kick,
Curvet and prance, as others do,
Was fallen wondrous sick.

'Twas far from any House or Town,
No Doctor cou'd be got ;
So the poor Beast must die alone,
And without burial rot :

He restless lay upon the Ground,
And turn'd from side to side :
His Groans the neighboring Woods resound,
Where Birds of prey reside.

(20)

No sooner did they hear the noise,
But from the Woods they flew,
Whole Troops of *Ravens*, and of *Crows*;
And round the Horse they drew.

At length a *Raven* of renown,
Strutting like Prince of *Conde*;
As black as any Parson's Gown
He wears upon a Sunday :

Gets on a Mole-hill, look'd around,
And thus bespoke the *Crows* ;
We're antient Friends, and without ground
We will not now be Foes.

You know, by Contract, we're to have
The Carrion of this place ;
And you the other side did crave,
Such our Agreement was.

No,

No, quoth the *Crows*, this very place
To us is free as Air ;

And how dare you with such a face,
Oppose such numbers here ?

Ay, quoth the *Raven*, then we'll try
To whom it doth belong ;
But first let the poor Creature die,
Then see who's right or wrong.

Both sides resolv'd to fight it out,
Each do's advantage take ;
They march, and march, and march about,
And each one whets his Beak.

They view the Ground, and mark the Camp,
And the Approaches form ;
Contrive the easiest methods how
They may the Carcase storm.

Mean

Mean time the Horse lies dangerous ill,
 Yet shites, and farts, and groans ;
 Good signs, they say, in Physick skill,
 And stretching of the Bones.

The Horse (tho helpless) by degrees,
 Began to gather strength ;
 At first he rises on his Knees,
 And on his Legs at length.

The Birds of prey were all surpris'd,
 And all away they flew ;
 The Battel's thus on both sides lost,
 And all the Carrion too.

*Thus some, whom neither Peace nor Wars
 Can satisfy, still hope for Fars ;
 That by great Princes falling out,
 They may their Business bring about.*

And

And Wonders must be done and said,

When once the King of Spain is dead;

But he, like Horſe, prevents the fight,

And is reſolv'd to live in ſpite.

A

F. A. B. IX.

The Parson and Whig.

A Jolly *Whig* upon the Road,
 As people say, met Man of God ;
 A First-rate Clergyman was he,
 And of *Belfwagger's* Family :
 At School the lash did oft endure,
 And was dragg'd up by Dr. *Clier*.
 So bravely mounted was the Parson,
 That better Steed no man laid Arse on :
 Stopping the *Whig*, he bid him stand,
 And give the *Church* the better hand :
 Thou look'st like some dissenting Prig.
 Good morrow, *Parson*, quoth the *Whig*.

Pray,

Pray, why that, Sir, upon my Coat ?

Quoth *Whig*, I value not a Groat

Thy Coat, nor Church, nor Common-pray'r,

Nor all Ash-wednesday Curses there :

Yet to the Church I can be civil ;

But stop't by Priest, it is the Devil.

Quoth *Parson*, if thou'lt hold a Parley,

At yonder Town's good Juice of Barley :

Thy looks, I'm sure, will never fail,

For by thy Nose thou lov'st good Ale ;

And there in a reformed Cup,

This Difference we will make up.

With all my heart, said *Whig*, I'll do't ;

And so away they both did trot.

As *Parson* near the Road did look,

He spy'd a Common-prayer Book.

Half cry'd the *Whig* ; no, said the *Priest*,

This do's belong to me at least :

E

Half

Half had been thine, had it been *Rino* ;

But this is mine, *fure Divino*.

The *Whig* insisted on his half ;

The Book was good, and bound in Calf,

Wou'd mony fetch ; rather than fail,

He'd have it melted down in Ale.

Quoth *Priest*, that is profanely spoke ;

Nothing's ill said, that's not ill took :

I know not, Sir, but it may be

'Gainst Act of Uniformity,

Which I remember, do's declare,

That we shou'd read, not drink the Pray'r.

This Book was bought, I must confess,

With *Mammon* of Unrighteousness.

And if we sell it on this score,

It is but what it was before,

'Twill make us drink, and sing and roar.

No

No longer now with difference clogg'd,
 The *Priest* and *Whig* together jogg'd ;
 To Alehouse come, they both alight,
 And 'ere they enter'd went to shite ;
 For Guts o'reloaded sometimes burst,
 The way to fill 's to empty first :
 They past the Glas in Bumpers big,
 And here's t'ye *Priest*, and here's t'ye *Whig*.
 The Hostess scarce could get a sup,
 So fast they drank the Liquor up,
 She's forc'd to tap another Tub.
 The Passive Ale did often venture,
 At non-resisting Mouth did enter ;
 So quick it past about, that all
 The ready *Rino*'s drown'd in Ale ;
 No Juice remain'd within the Glas,
 And eke the Pot full empty was.

Now good reserve of Prayer-Book,
 From underneath the Gown was took :
 To work again in Liquor stout,
 They Orthodoxly drink about :
 At every tiff is gulpt at once
 A learned Collect or Response.
 Two Glasses in a hand they seize on,
 Which go for first and second Lesson.
 The Ale doth in right Channel go,
Modo Ecclesiastice.
 All's fairly done, without a Trick,
 No man is here a Schismatick.
 The drinking Orders all observe,
 And not one bit from Canon swerve;
 And drinking Articles would sign,
 Tho they were more than Thirty nine.
 Now, said the Priest, the Book is gone,
 I've a good mind to pawn my Gown.

Ay, do, said *Whig*, thy *Cassock* too,
 And *Ciringle*; if that won't do,
 Rather than leave thee in the lurch,
 I'll help thee pawn the very Church,
 And sell the Bells, Communion Plate,
 There is no Sacrilege in that.
 Says *Hostess*, now the Tub's on stoop;
 If 'twill afford another Cup,
 It shall be mine, since you this day
 Have taught me how to brew and pray.
 Thus two good Friends were forc't to part,
 Like Thief from *Priest* in *Tyburn* Cart:
 'Twas want of Liquor, not of Will,
 Or else they had been at it still.

How much Religion is abus'd;

How little Honesty is us'd,

By

By those who do profess the same ;

How much the Sacred Name

Is every where profan'd,

How deeply stain'd,

The Parson's Gown,

A Friend to none,

But to himself alone.

Lord ! how we heard 'em cant, and pray, and whine,

And preach up Monarchy of Right Divine.

Why did they so ?

It was their Interest so to do.

When Right Divine new Clergy-men did seek,

Seiz'd on the Church, and made the Tithe-pig squeek ;

Passive Obedience now was preacht no more ;

Instead of which the Churches Canons roar,

Reach'd with Complaints the Belgick shoar.

The

*The Northern Lion o're the Seas did pass,
 And scar'd away the Church's Afs;
 The Church, by whose advice he ruin'd was.
 They'l make, and govern Kings, but none obey,
 But where their Interest leads the way:
 Interest, for which they'd pawn their very God,
 Their Church, their Principles: 'tis very odd,
 A King shou'd trust men will be brib'd with Gold,
 And not be heedful when another's sold.*

FINIS.